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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

VOL. 3.—NO. 7.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY,

SEPTEMBER 24, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 111.

A Great Slaveholding Project.

Read the following circular, which has been widely circulated. We rejoice to see that slavery is about to rest its claims upon the grounds of argument. We hope the new paper may be started.—*Nat. Era.*
CHARLESTON, August 2, 1847.
SIR—We trust that we shall not be considered as taking an unwarrantable liberty in addressing to yourself, and some others, in whose discretion we rely, the following communication. We make an appeal to you, irrespective of party politics, as one having a common interest with ourselves, upon a matter, as we conceive, of momentous concern to every Southern man.

You cannot but have observed the rapid progress in the Anti-Slavery spirit, for some time past, and the alarming influence it has exerted on the politics of the country, as exhibited at Washington, and throughout the non-slaveholding States of the Union.

The introduction of Congress with petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, through the act of petitioning for such a purpose, assumes an inferiority in the slaveholding States, and the language of the petitions is replete with vituperation and insult, has been persevered in until it has almost ceased to arrest attention. The application, in the United States, of the principle of the English case of *Somerset*, decided by Lord Mansfield, by which it is declared that the relation of master and slave ceases as soon as the parties pass the jurisdiction of the local laws which authorize slavery—a principle which isolates and degrades the slaveholder—has been more than half acquiesced in. We have seen State after State legislating with a view to avoid the act of Congress in regard to fugitive slaves, and prevent its interference with the above principle, until we are so familiarized with such legislation, that the public are scarce aware that the Pennsylvania Legislature has recently nullified this act of Congress, and affixed a heavy punishment to the attempt to enforce it within the limits of the State.

The missions of Hoar and his compeer to South Carolina and Louisiana, by which Massachusetts undertook, on the very soil of these States, by agents resident in Charleston and New Orleans, to obstruct the execution of the slave laws in regard to the introduction of five colored persons, though met promptly by the States, respectively, to whom particularly the insult was offered, excited in the South but a passing interest, and is now almost forgotten.

Apathy on our part has been followed by increased and still increasing activity on the part of the enemies of our institutions.

The introduction, at the close of the session of Congress before the last, of the *Wilmot Proviso*, and its passage then in the House of Representatives, by a vote of 85 to 10; the provision, at the last session, against slavery, in the bill organizing a government for Oregon; and the repudiation of the principles of the Missouri compromise, evinced by the rejection of Mr. Burt's amendment; the renewal of the Wilmot proposition by Mr. Preston King; the vote on this, and the adoption finally of the Proviso, as shaped by Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, in the House of Representatives, by a large majority, are facts, which leave no shadow of doubt as to the utter disregard of Southern rights in that body. The defeat of the obnoxious measure in the Senate gives us no security in the future. Senators, in their places, openly proclaimed their approval of the principle it contained, and placed their opposition, distinctly, on the ground that, though right in itself, the time and occasion rendered its adoption inexpedient. The Legislatures of eleven States have, with singular unanimity, urged a renewal of these efforts. Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, and more recently Maine, have all, through their Legislatures, spoken still more explicitly than by their Representatives in Congress.

The tone of the press, Whig and Democratic, Agrarian and Religious, in every non-slaveholding State, manifests a forgone conclusion, that the Abolitionists are to be conceded to, at least so far as to forbid the extension of slavery in the United States beyond its present boundaries.

While clouds thus gather, what preparation do we make for the impending storm? Are we people even aware of its approach?

How have the Abolitionists, so inconsistent in numbers, and themselves without official sanction, effected so much? The answer is obvious. They have adhered to principle. They have made it paramount to party organization and temporary policy, and they have thus held the balance of power between the two great parties. They have on this account been courted alternately and together, by Whigs and Democrats, until it has come about that no politician, on either side, is considered as "available," who cannot enlist in his behalf this necessary vote; and they are actually at this moment controlling the destinies of this great Confederacy! Shall we not profit by their example?

The Abolitionists have throughout the non-slaveholding States pressed zealously, ably, and efficiently, enforcing their views, and presenting their paramount principle—and they have lately established an organ in the city of Washington. We have, in the South, papers of both parties worthy of all confidence, but these are but little read elsewhere; and there is no one of them of very general circulation, even in the Southern States; and we have not one paper in a non-slaveholding State, and none in the city of Washington, which, in this emergency, has proved a fast and fearless friend; not one which habitually reflects the public sentiment of the South on this question. The Intelligence blinks the question; the Union rebukes equally the spirit of Abolition, and with all, except the Abolitionists themselves, party success, with its triumph and its spoils, is the absorbing, if not the sole consideration.

The object of this communication is to obtain your aid and active co-operation, in establishing, at Washington, a paper which shall represent Southern views on the subject of SLAVERY—Southern views of Southern rights and interests, growing out of and connected with this institution.

We want a paper whose polar star shall be the sentiment "that danger to our institutions can only be averted by jealously watching our rights under the Constitution; by insisting upon the proportionate influence intended to be secured to us by the compromises of that compact; and, above all, by maintaining, at all times, and at all hazards, our equality, full and complete, with whatever other communities we hold connection." We wish a paper which we can trust, firm and fearless, which cannot be bribed, colored, flattered, or frightened, into furling, for an instant, the banner of Southern Equality.

To effect this, we must render the press free from party influences, and unite in its support others besides politicians. We would therefore desire to engage in the undertaking men in every way independent, and whose means and positions are such as to free them from all temptations of profit or place.

If you concur in our views, please confer with us, as soon as practicable; and inform us what amount of money you are willing, yourself, to contribute to effect this object, and how much you think can be raised in your immediate neighborhood.

Enclosed, you will find a subscription list, with a heading, setting forth the principles on which it is proposed to establish the paper. If you approve of it, please obtain such signatures as you can, and return the list, by mail, to this place by the 15th of September next.

Address your communications to ISAAC W. HAYNE, Esq., No. 3, State street, who has consented, until the proposed association is fully organized, to act as Secretary and Treasurer.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,
Daniel E. Huger, Robert W. Barnwell,
Nathaniel Heyward, John S. Preston,
Wade Hampton, Andrew Tarrball,
R. F. W. Allston, Wm. Bull Pringle,
Jacob Bond, John L. Manning,
John P. Richardson, M. C. Mordcau,
Joshua J. Ward, William F. Davis,
J. Harleston Read, W. B. Seabrook,
William Pope, George W. Dargan,
John S. Ashe, W. H. Tapier,
H. W. Peronneau, John R. Matthews,
Henry Bailey, P. W. Fraser,
Daniel Heyward, Alexander Robertson,
W. W. Harlee, N. R. Middleton,
W. F. De Saussure, James H. Adams,
Henry Gourdin, William A. Carson,
Charles T. Lowndes, James Rose,
John Rutledge.

What Abolitionists Believe.

We believe slavery to be a sin—always, everywhere, and only, sin—in itself, apart from the occasional rigors incidental to its administration, and from all those perils, liabilities, and positive inflictions to which its victims are continually exposed—in, in the nature of the act which creates it, and in the elements which constitute it—in, because it converts persons into things, makes men property, God's image merchandise; because it forbids men to use themselves for the advancement of their own well-being, and turns them into mere instruments, to be used by others, solely for the benefit of the users; because it constitutes one man the owner of the body, soul and spirit of other men—gives him power and permission to make his own pecuniary profit the great end of their being; thus striking them out of existence as beings possessing rights and susceptibilities of happiness, and forcing them to exist merely as appendages to his existence. In other words, because slavery holds and uses men, as mere means for the accomplishment of ends, of which ends their own interests are not a part—thus annihilating the sacred and eternal distinction between a person and a thing—a distinction proclaimed an axiom by all human consciousness—a distinction created by God, crowned with glory and honor in the attributes of intelligence, morality, accountability and immortal existence, and commended to the homage of universal mind by the concurrent testimony of nature, conscience, providence and revelation, by the blood of atonement and the sanctions of eternity. This distinction, authenticated by the seal of Deity, and its own native effulgence and immutability, slavery contends, disannuls, and tramples under foot. This is her fundamental element—its vital, constituent principle—that which makes it a sin in itself, under whatever modification existing. All the incidental effects of the system flow spontaneously from this fountain head. The constant exposure of slaves to outrage, and the actual inflictions which they experience in innumerable forms, all result legitimately from this principle assumed in the theory, and embodied in the practice of slaveholding. What is that but a sin, which sinks to the level of brutes, beings registered by God a little lower than the angels—wrests from their rightful owners the legacies bequeathed them—inalienable birthright endowments, exchanged for no equivalent, unsundered by volition and unforfeited by crime—breaks open the sanctuary of human rights, and makes its sacred things common plunder—driving to the shambles Jehovah's image, bearded with fourfold beauty and creeping with life, and harrying for vile dust the purchase of a Redeemer's blood, and the living members of his body? What is that but a sin, which derides the sanctity with which God has invested domestic relations—annihilates marriage—makes void parental authority—nullifies filial obligation—invites the violation of chastity, by denying it legal protection, thus bidding God-speed to lust as it riots at noonday, glorying in the immunities of law? What is that but a sin, which stamps as crime obedience to the command, "Search the Scriptures"—repeals the law of love—abrogates the golden rule—exacts

labor without recompense—authorizes the forcible sunderings of kindred, and cuts off forever from the pursuit of happiness? What is that but a sin, which embargoes the acquisition of knowledge by the terror of penalties—eclipses intellect—stifles the native instincts of the heart—precipitates in death-damps the upward aspirations of the spirit—startles its victims with present perils—pales the future with apprehended horrors—palsies the moral sense, whelms hope in despair, and kills the soul?

Action.

As our labor is vast and our field broad, our instrumentalities must be manifold. There is need that all of them be in constant employment. There is room for allowing each the fullest scope for action, and it becomes the laborers to see to it that none of our means are idle. Abolitionists have a work to do. It is not enough that they feel a hatred of slavery and a sympathy for the slave; or that they are convinced that slavery is wrong—a sin and a curse. This sentiment and feeling must take form in action.—This is the true measure of feeling and opinion.

Toward this all genuine emotion and conviction as naturally tend, as the germ presses up toward the light and air, or matter gravitates to a common center, and well may we doubt their healthfulness and strength, if such be not their impulse. Yet while action is the true expression of the hidden thought, the quantity and quality of that action depend much upon the intelligence with which it is put forth. Ignorance of the time and the way to work, often keeps the hand idle and the voice silent, though the heart prompts to action, and emotion demands utterance.

An immense amount of anti-slavery feeling, has been generated in the process of our cause, which has never been concentrated and directed into a practical manifestation, and which now waits for such direction. If it were the strong sympathy of stout hearts it would find expression. Like the impeded mountain torrent, by an ever increasing pressure it would break its way through rocks of granite bind it back, and through the rugged path rush on its course fulfilling its proper work. But there are hearts which feel and sympathize, and yet are not daring enough to seek a path of action for themselves, or strong enough to rend through difficulties.

Feeling is thus left to stagnate for want of that action which it requires, as water needs motion to keep it healthful and pure. This causes a double evil—a loss to the cause which needs the aid of all, the feeblest as well as the strongest, and a loss to the individual who needs the exercise of benevolence in his own heart.

Never did well-meaning men make a sadder mistake, than when they persuaded themselves that it is enough for them to pity the suffering slave or victim of wrong, and feel convinced that slavery or other sin is wrong. The labor which their weaker neighbor needs from them, they need to give. The talent hidden in the earth, rusts, and turns to worthless dust. The man, too sluggish to employ his faculties, finds them withering and wasting, and a sure retribution curses his inaction with powerlessness. Work, is the most rugged, laborious and trying field of reform, is just what we need, good friends, and it is what, however irksome at first, we shall learn to love as a blessing and a joy. Towards, as we have been trained to be, shrinking from the face of man, we cannot have a better discipline to call forth true moral courage.

Fidelity to an unpopular reform, will frequently bring us to face apparent or real danger and trial, and thus impart a calm, strong fearlessness in the place of timidity; so too may patience fulfil its perfect work in our spirits, if watchfully and manfully we meet the insults and injuries and petty vexations which will meet us in this path. It is time we began to walk alone. How few of us have ever made the attempt. We have forgotten our own limbs and muscles in leaning on others. We have braced ourselves with contrivances of party and sect and social dependence—the stays and crutches for the mind—and thus go hobbling on through life, like a troop of gouty epicures, afraid of motion as though it were a curse.

Blessed is the ministrant of that reform, which teaches men to be self-relying and firm in the right. If rightly we listen to the teaching of the anti-slavery cause, we shall receive this lesson from it.

To harden the muscles and toughen the sinews of the man, giving elasticity and free healthful daring to his mind—its aim, its price, its labor, all that we have given or can give to this arduous work. The man who enters it with his whole soul, will find his path ever leads upward from the dusky air of the earthly to the purer and fresher regions of the spiritual, and his vision, instead of being hemmed in by that cloudy wall, to the selfish, the sensual and the present, will stretch out over the ever widening campaign of truth, and onward into the world of soul. Clearer perceptions of good, a nicer and more delicate sense of spiritual beauty and purity, and surer intuitions of right, must come to him who unselfishly gives himself to the heroic enterprise for human redemption.

From such an enterprise may also be gathered a deep philosophy. It gives the mind an array of important facts, and leads to deductions of wisdom, and an experience which better fits it for the arduous duties of life, and holds prominently before the thought a sense of responsibility for the interests of our fellow men, and duty in their behalf.—Too liable are we in the maelstrom of selfishness that surges round us to be swept away on the swift current, and lose ourselves in the ruinous whirl. Thankful should we be that high above these tossing waves rises the firm rock of Right, holding forth its strong arm to save, and to find there firm foothold among the raging elements.

Not alone for the salvation of the slave has the anti-slavery cause arisen. It comes as a

be of salvation to the people, to call them from their indolence and self-indulgence, from their blindness and prejudice, from their sloth and inhumanity, to be brave and true, to be strong and gentle, to be bold and patient, faithful to their highest sense of right and truth.

No man thinks he is giving a favor to himself by bestowing work, time, money, and thought upon it with the fullest liberality. Rather let him be grateful that he has this work, and that from it he is gaining discipline which his soul needs—again the cause is our benefactor; and the blessings it has in

They will not come but to the sweating toiler. Then let us enlist in the great labor, each one filling such a post as he can, and cheerfully taking the duties which come to our hands, ever seeking new ones. For this, those common instrumentalities, which are our implements of labor and weapons of conflict, should ever be held in esteem and heartily employed. No means, however humble or seemingly trifling, which will help to sow the seed of truth, and quicken slumbering hearts to livelier sympathies should be neglected. No opportunity to impress truth on the heart of childhood, to call forth woman's kind sympathies and heroic devotion, or to secure the strength of manhood to the cause of freedom should we let slip unheeded. Every means, consistent with strict justice, to give direction and practical utterance to the feeling of the heart, should be called into requisition. We lose much by letting small occasions and minor measures pass unexploited. There is no man, however humble, no woman, however narrow her sphere, no child, even, whose heart is really baptized with a love for the slave and overrunning with sympathies, but daily has opportunity to do something for the cause. But it is not to be done by seeking self-gratification, ease, or luxurious quiet, nor waiting for the work to come to us, but by going forth to meet our lot and seek our duty, and then making that duty our meat and drink. We ask no man to rush into a thoughtless, headlong action, with a zealous but unguided energy, but that he will look at his question and ponder its meaning, and think of its claims with candor, and a longing to know the right and do his duty, and then let his hand be faithful to his heart, and the emotion which grows up in his mind find full expression in his life.

"Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds." This is no hour for slumber, no season for dreams, nor for idle pleasures—but a glorious workday, which calls men to "be heroes in its strife."

"No man is born into the world whose work is done." Let us work withal, for those who will. The busy world shoves angrily aside. The man who stands with arms akimbo set, until occasion tells him what to do; And he who waits to have his task marked out, Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled." Pa. Freeman.

The Last Appeal.

Brute force was never victor in the long run, for at last after all cannon-speech, and word-speech, the tongue of human thought pronounces the final verdict on every matter, from which there is no appeal. Manage as you may to get your heel on a man's or a nation's breast, and with the roar of musketry, the clash of steel, and thunder of artillery, defeat the hearts of men, you have gained no victory. One silent thought, hushed in one lone bosom, will be the germ of your doom, that shall grow unceasingly to your utmost condemnation. The thing which is felt will get shaped into thought, the thought will mumble and fret against the imprisoned brain, till some low whisper gives it vent, and away it will blaze from pent heart to heart calling the smothered judgment into words, which soon shall out-thunder your cannon-voice, and out-flash your sabre-gleams.

Sword-guarded lies are a mushroom tribe, and lightning Truth, resting on simple utterance, will purge the world of them, once given its way. It will have way at last. Murder and oppression may clash their chains and daggers, but what the world thinks of them and their doing, will be the verdict of their fate. A conquered will is no secure conquest, when it is left one unconquered will, one stern thought of protest or defiance.

Having thoroughly crushed the physical energies of a people, you have not become victorious for the mute resistance of heart and soul, appealing to universal man for succor, will change your glory into clinging shame. The world's opinion of you is not pledged to your cause, the future has given no promise of its voice to swell your fame, but everlasting justice will have her due, and in the last appeal the voice of Humanity concerning your deeds, shall be the voice of God. Your sword cannot reach the judgment-seat of tomorrow, to awe its condemnation into silence, or compel its decisions to false favor. But the cry of outraged manhood will pierce to eternity, the ears of man and God. The powers that do justice will work, after the noisy wrong-doer is dumb, and defeat his schemes of force and fraud.

If we have a good cause we shall not so peril its success as to appeal to violence to support it. It is easier to summon a thousand truthful allies to the virtuous deed, than to hush one whisper of justifiability for a work of shame. All bayonets and balls and powder smoke cannot stave, shatter, or smother the growing scorn of a base deed, or beat down and quench the conquerless renown of a good one. It were folly to trust so shallow pleas, as musket balls and daggers, when the deep eternal truth will echo our appeal. The basest can stab and shoot, but only wise and good men can wield the pure weapons of thought and love, and none can withstand these, while any stiff arm can beat back them.

So clearly is the power of naked right discerned now, that we may safely say that an appeal to force is a confession of one's wrong, a virtual avowal that he has not that power, and therefore calls this baser element to his aid.

No magician or cunning sorceress ever sold herself to the devil for services which God would give. No government takes the sword till it doubts of its justice; and in this age, to peel the cry of "our country right or wrong," is a full confession that they know she is wrong; for the veriest rascal would appeal to right as long as it could serve his purpose.

The blindest madness rules in their minds, who think by dint of superior numbers, to conquer, not their enemies only, but the opinions of the world. Our nation's arms are said to be victorious in Mexico. Yet they need to be triumphant in the thoughts of men, in the history of the age, and in all the future, before those victories will stand bright and secure. The hate of the trampled foe, the justice of God, the indignation of the just, the execration of the weak, are all in rebel arms against the victor, and the eternal future pledged to do right and balance all events, is the sworn enemy of our base plunderers. It will be righted, for our cannon peals will have no thunder there. It will not be bribed, the world's eyes are on the false man and men, who strive now in the very face of events to confound all the issues of future history.

It will speak with impartial voice, warned by the heat of partisanship, undazzled by the glare of successful butchery; and our army will then reap the laurels it has sown, in just infamy. The peace which we would conquer by a brutal war and a generation of wars, will be the peace of a gibbeted felon, sold to the taunts that mock him.—God will not let high-handed wrong reign always, but good hearts will keep the rebel virtues, that shall be its everlasting rebuke, and final overthrow.—Lynn Pioneer.

In our faithless generation we cannot multiply too much, perhaps, the personal testimonies to the curse of Slavery and blessedness of Freedom. If the evidence below has nothing new, it is valuable as a corroboration of other witnesses, and an explanation of plausible objections.

The Emancipated Slaves of Jamaica.

The result of emancipation, as given by the Rev. Mr. Renshaw and the Rev. Mr. Hovey, missionaries among the freed people of Jamaica, are truly encouraging. The object of their visit to this country is to obtain assistance to enable them to go on with their missionary labors. The following sketch of some remarks of the Rev. Mr. Renshaw in one of our city churches, as reported in the Traveller, will be found interesting.

The present colored population of Jamaica is about 400,000—the white residents of the island numbering only about 50,000. The colored population for the most part consists of the slaves who were emancipated by the British act of August, 1833; the remainder—the browns, as they are called—being the offspring of the concubinage which so universally existed previous to emancipation.

Mr. Renshaw explained satisfactorily, one or two facts connected with the business of Jamaica; from which inferences have been drawn unfavorable to the change which has taken place in the condition of the working population. There had been a falling off, for instance, of about 25,000 hogsheads of sugar in the exports of the island. The inference, drawn from this fact, that the negroes had become more indolent under a state of freedom, was not founded in truth. The negroes had now many more wants than when they were in their degraded condition as slaves. They now used sugar themselves largely. Allowing them fifteen pounds a head annually, more than they formerly used, it would more than make good the deficiency in the exports. The decrease in the value of plantation property, too, had been adduced as an argument against the condition of freedom in a pecuniary point of view. This decrease, however, was clearly accounted for by the change in the policy of England in reference to the products of its colonies, from that of protection which amounted to a prohibition to free trade, which gave the sugar of Jamaica no preference in the English market.

Since emancipation, the legislation of the colony had entirely changed, as regards the colored population. Many of the same gentlemen were still in the government, it is true, but they were now as kind and considerate towards the negroes, as they once were necessarily cruel. An improved system of prison discipline had been adopted; a lunatic asylum had been established, at an expense of \$700,000; abundant provision had been made for enlightened medical attendance upon the laboring people; public schools had been established; a general interest, in fine, was manifested in the welfare of the laboring population, and all public measures looked to the amelioration of their condition.

A great change—and an entirely spontaneous one—had also taken place in the morals and manners of the white population. Prior to emancipation, marriage was virtually prohibited by the customs of society, and concubinage was universal. Intemperance and other vices generally prevailed. Now public sentiment regarded marriage as honorable; concubinage had to a great extent disappeared; and the principles and practice of temperance were commonly cherished. The prejudice against color had been almost entirely removed. The brown class, once despised, now took a position in society.—They were found in all public stations, both in the legislative and judicial branches of the government. There was in fact no distinction as to complexion, and no bar on that account to the social reciprocities and amenities of life.

The change in the condition of the negroes had been very great—so much so, that it had operated as a hindrance to their advancement.

All remittances to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

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They had so rapidly progressed from a state of absolute servitude and degradation, to that of a comfortable peasantry, that they had imbibed some of the vices of wealth and were becoming covetous. Although their present condition was only an approximation towards the condition of the free colored people in the United States, yet in regard to diet, clothing, dwellings, all the comforts of civilized life, there had been a vast improvement upon the frightful condition—both moral and physical—in which emancipation found them.

At the time of the emancipation, such was the mental degradation of the negroes, that they seemed almost to have lost the power of reasoning.

They manifested, however, great enthusiasm of gratitude towards God, and towards the missionaries as instruments of their redemption from slavery. They literally came and laid down their first earnings at the feet of the missionaries, with apostolic simplicity; and a hundred thousand dollars at least were given in this way for the erection of houses of worship and schools. There had, however, been a reaction of feeling, as might have been anticipated. The enthusiasm had passed away, or had ceased to be an operative influence.—Emancipator.

Conservation of a Hebrew Synagogue.

We gladly accepted an invitation from the Committee of Arrangements, to witness, on Friday, the consecration of a new and elegant Synagogue, recently built in Worcester, in the worship of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Jewish ritual of consecration is the oldest of any—the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, and other Churches, appear to have copied from the "Ancient people of God," much of their ceremonial of consecration; but here was an opportunity to witness it in the Capital of the New World, in the primeval language in which the Ten Commandments were written on Mount Sinai by the finger of God—in which the pure, spotless, and affectionate Joseph, forgave and welcomed the ingrates who had sold their brother into slavery—in which the gentle Ruth said to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"—and in which the Old Testament was first penned, and the gospel of Christ first preached. The history of the faith in which Moses, Joshua, Samuel, Solomon and Isaiah lived and died, possesses the deepest interest to a Christian community.—Here were the lineal descendants of the Bible Hebrews, the ancient possessors of Jerusalem, the conquerors of Canaan, the captives in Babylon, the scattered remnant yet to be re-united—here they were about to consecrate a holy temple to the worship to which King Solomon had dedicated the most magnificent fane ever devoted to the worship of the true God.

We were not disappointed. Yesterday being Tanus the 11th, 5607, at three in the afternoon, the service began with an introductory symphony by the orchestra, which consisted of the members of the Philharmonic Society, and an opening chorus by the Choir—delightful, holy music—the airs that David played—the songs that David sang—the galleries filled with lovely, happy looking women, the daughters of Israel, many of them worthy to be the Rebecca of another Ivanhoe, whenever America can find a Walter Scott, or to exhibit the herism of an Esther, should a Haman find his way to power in the land of Washington. We are glad that the Hebrews have equal rights here, and still more pleased that they appear worthy the high honor such rights confer.

Throughout the service, the whole congregation, ministers and people, kept their hats on.—Rev. Mr. Isaacs, pastor of the new congregation, preached a very good discourse, and with sufficient earnestness and energy too; part of it was in Hebrew, and part in good vernacular English—but he kept his hat on, and so did his hearers there.—When the sacred laws were taken by the ministers and trustees, and borne from the vestry to the vestibule, and thence under a canopy, into the Synagogue, and toward the Ark of the Covenant, a sacred receptacle, at the upper end of the edifice, with doors and curtains, all who took part in the ceremonial kept their hats on. The ladies have the galleries to themselves—the orchestra has a temporary gallery—and the gentlemen occupy the body of the Synagogue. The seats indicate a high sense of equality before the God of Israel; they have no doors, locks, nor latches, but like those of the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich.

A procession of members in suitable costumes, and bearing the sacred symbols of their faith, walked slowly round the Synagogue seven times, and the choir and ministers chanted the 30th 100th, 29th, and 150th Psalms in Hebrew, beautifully—the sun lighting up the congregation on the one hand with lively tints of the colors of the stained glass, and the Manhattan company, with their gas, shedding a lesser lustre at the same time, probably in illustration of the littleness of men's inventions when compared with the works of the great Creator.

The preacher took high ground for his countrymen, declaring that "no double-dealing, no over-reaching, no dissimulation should ever tarnish their fair fame;" and when the exercises were suspended, to enable the more wealthy Hebrews to subscribe toward the handsome edifice, we sat in, never did we witness more cheerful giving—sums of \$100, \$50, and so on down to \$5 and \$3 were subscribed so fast, by both sexes, that it took about an hour to note them down. The text was quite appropriate, from verses 6, 7 and 8 of the 26th Psalm, and but for the *Adon* on head, had little in it that differed from a sensible moral discourse from some worthy Protestant. The prayer was in English, and the minister did not forget "his excellency" Mr. Polk, "his excellency" Mr. Dallas, and "his excellency" up at Albany, in his supplications, nor the Congress, State Legislatures and our City Fathers. He asked the bless

of Him who had been the special protector of the Patriarchs of Israel upon those who aided in building a house to the worship of Heaven, and Mr. Henry Morrison, a young gentleman of good address, who recited an appropriate poetical composition at the close of the ceremony, reminded us of the fact that his God was our God, and feelingly spoke of all as brethren.

So may it be! Let us be charitable and forbearing toward those who differ with us in Religion, and trust to truth, and the God of truth, that a millennial age, long foretold, will reach the few world at last.

On the whole, we were pleased and instructed by witnessing these Jewish ceremonies, and felt more kindly, were that possible, toward the remnant of a far-famed race, adhering, in our cheerful times, with unequalled tenacity to the ways of their forefathers, and the language of the Garden of Eden, before sin and sorrow were known to the children of men. O Babel, hadst thou witnessed the confusion of tongues.—*Tribune.*

From the Liberator.

The Wilmot Proviso.

The whole history of the United States, since it was gathered into a nation, has been a continual witness to the truth that there can be no genuine Union between Good and Evil—between Liberty and Slavery. There never has been a Union of these States. A *Condition* has been, and its fate has been that of every coalition which has been attempted to be made, between a good principle and a bad one, since the world began. The bad has predominated over the good. The victory has been, as it should have been, to the Evil Element of the attempted compromise.

Men have often attempted to outwit the All-wise and to overreach the Almighty, but never yet with any very signal success. No man ever tried harder to effect this than the Framers of the U. S. Constitution, but the Omnipotent and Omnipresent God, who is God and man to see human ephemera, in the majesty of his six feet and the plenitude of his wisdom, of which the greatest triumph is to know that they know nothing, seeking to repeal and amend the Divine Law in their solemn Conventions and grave Legislatures. Yet this is just what the American Nation has been trying to do ever since it was wadded. But, as the Spanish proverb says, 'he that spits at Heaven, spits in his own face.' And so this people have found it to be.

The inhabitants of the Free States, nearly sixty years since, entered into a co-partnership with the inhabitants of the Slave States, for certain purposes profitable to themselves. But their partners would not sign the Articles until their northern associates had agreed to recognize their right to devour as much human flesh as they liked, and, if they would not partake of the cannibal repast themselves, at least to wait behind the chairs of those that did. But it was not long before they found that they were being devoured, too. That they were only the second course of this Thyrcean banquet. That all the privilege they had gained by the alliance was that granted by Peloponnes to Ulysses of being devoured the last, or rather the most at the sure. They have seemed to be conscious, now and then, that they were having their bones picked; but they have never appeared to refer to the terms of their contract with their devourers, by virtue of which it was that they were eaten up. Of course, they deserve all they get. The Southern Reynard says with him in Esop, 'Chanticleer is very good, but he is not enough!' And so he is, but they have nobody to thank but themselves. Who ever thought of pitying Perillus when he was bellowing inside the brazen bull he had made for Phalaris?

The only history, worthy the name, that we have in this country is the narrative of the devices of the North to escape the jaws of Slavery, without taking her head out of its mouth. Attempts, more or less vigorous, have been made, at various periods, to put the monster on shortallowance, but they have always failed. And they must always fail as long as they are made in subordination to the agreement which gives slavery the power to help itself. The resistance which was made to the Purchase, and afterwards to the Admission, of Louisiana, the Missouri contest, and the Texas struggle, were conspicuous attempts of this nature. And splendid failures they were, all of them. The present phase of this spirit of resistance to the aggressions of slavery is seen in what is called the Wilmot Proviso, which embodies the principle, that whatever Territory acquired by the present war shall be Free Territory. A large part of the Whig, and a proportion of the Democratic presses make a stand upon this ground. Resolutions to this effect passed the Legislature of Massachusetts, unanimously, and have also passed the Legislatures of various other Northern States, Democratic as well as Whig. But this effort will be as futile as any of its predecessors. After the vapouring about the Annexation of Texas, and the smoke in which it ended, Slavery will be indeed a fool (and that it has never been in its generation) if it is deterred by these demonstrations from doing what it likes.

Hopes have been entertained that the Democratic Party at the North would rally round this principle at the next Election for President, and for Vice-President, as its indication in the Chair of State. But this hope, faint as it should have been, has been dispelled by the sudden death of that Statesman, and all the other prominent Northern aspirants for the place, will be ready enough to repudiate it, for the sake of the only support which can give them a chance for a nomination, much more of an election. The South has taken its ground firmly and decidedly, and there is no doubt of its maintaining it successfully. Its advantage is too great for defeat. If it want the whole continent to Cape Horn, it can have it for all the resistance the North will make. The heart of the North must be renewed before it will be ready to make any effectual head against the irruptions of the Slave Power. And that will not be before the next election. Of which circumstance the Democrats at least are well aware.

And how stands it with the Whigs? The divided front which they seemed at one time to present, under this standard, is already broken. Southern Machiavellism has already made a crack, which, by due pains, may be widened into a split. The Hon. Mr. Berrien of Georgia, a pious slaveholder, and one of the officers of the Bible Society and of the A. B. C. F. M., if we are not much mistaken, has suggested the change of the motto from 'No more Slavery,' to 'No more Territory.' Mr. Schouler, the

editor of the Boston Atlas, who, before he was translated to a Metropolitan See, gave some signs of anti-slavery vitality and sagacity, falls in with this suggestion, and is followed by a portion, not large as yet, of the Northern Whig Press. Mr. Berrien is, plainly, a knowing man. He is no unworthy pupil of the great Compromiser, Clay, to whom that same Atlas judged Boston would give as warm a welcome as she did to Lafayette! He takes a proposition that has a vital principle in it, and after squeezing its life out, offers its breathless corpse to his Whig brethren as a much more efficient leader than when it was alive! And he is taken at his word by a portion, which we prophesy will be an increasing portion, of the Whig party. No more territory! No more than what?—Then to the Rio Grande, or the Nueces, or the City of Mexico? A Dissolving Frontier like ours knows no such thing as New Territory. All that we want was ours from the Creation of the World.

But this is all more beating the air, even if the Whigs, or Democrats, or both, at the North, were of one mind as to the Wilmot Proviso. What could they do even to procure its adoption? Suppose Mr. Corwin, who seems the present Whig representative of the Wilmot idea to be elected President, what could he do, or they that choose him do? Could they say to Slavery, 'thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy proud wheels be stayed?' There, in the Senate, will sit that iron majority of Slaveholders, who will chuck at all their honest struggles. The example of this Mr. Berrien shows that the Whigs cannot depend on the Southern division of their party, in a case where the interests of Slavery are at stake. The Proviso can never become a law, and it will be distinctly intimated that no man that maintains it can expect confirmation for any office, at the hands of the Senate. The way of escape which Mr. Berrien has opened will be made as broad as the Way that leadeth to Destruction, and many there will be that will walk therein. The history of the Proviso, last winter, is an autotype of what is in store for it. Passed by a Democratic House, it was, as soon as the will of the Senate was expressed, crushed by the very men who had just voted for it.

We hope that the better part of the Whig party, and of the Democratic party, too, will do stout battle for the principle of the Wilmot Proviso, because we believe that if any thing can show them the only effectual Deliverance, it will be the experience they are about to have. They will find that if they can succeed in tying this millstone about the neck of a Presidential Candidate, it will carry him to the bottom with a most comfortable alacrity at sinking. They will find that there is not strength enough left to the people of the Free States, even if they were united, to a man, to resist the determined purpose of the Slave Power. They will learn the might of a compact, intelligent Oligarchy over incongruous masses, be they never so massive. They will discover that to attempt to destroy, or to limit, Slavery under the Constitution, is as vain and absurd as to fight in fetters. From all this experience, and more, we trust they will come to see the only way to free them from the despotism of the Slaveholders, themselves, and to put themselves in a position to give effectual aid to the slaves, is to *Dissolve the Union!*

It may look hard, but it is much easier than to carry the Wilmot Proviso. For the one can be done by the majority of the inhabitants of the Free States, or a portion of them; while the other cannot, though they were all united as one man. When the Anti-Slavery Whigs and Democrats will unite in demanding a Reconstruction of the Government; in proclaiming the Dissolution of the present Confederation, and the formation of a New Union that shall be such indeed; when they shall put forth their strength against, instead of under, the present Constitution; when they shall meet, not in partisan Conventions, but in Conventions to prepare the People for a Revolution, or to carry that Revolution into effect; then they will begin to exert some independent political influence, and to produce an effect on public affairs. They can then help to create a Republic in which the will of the People will be law, and not the caprice of a small aristocracy; their natural enemies, above their reach and beyond their control. A Republic, in which there may be such a thing as political success, without personal dishonor; in which a career may be opened to men of honor and self-respect as well as to turn-coats and parasites. In short, a Commonwealth, the very opposite of every thing that this spurious republic is, and the realization of every thing that it pretends to be.—*q.*

Carlisle Riot Case.

It is already known to our readers that Professor McClintock was acquitted by the Jury, and thirteen of the colored people convicted. Last Tuesday morning these were sentenced by the Court; one to an imprisonment of ten days in the County Jail—another to six months, and the remaining eleven to three years each in the Eastern penitentiary.

The *Evening Bulletin* says: "A Carlisle paper states, that when the verdict of the jury was rendered, acquitting Professor McClintock, Judge Hepburn, who presided, expressed a very decided dissatisfaction with the verdict, and went so far as to condemn the action of the jury in open and express terms, adding that if it were a civil case he would instantly set the verdict aside."

We have no means of knowing how true this report may be, but the sentence passed upon the eleven colored men, of three years for each, indicates a temper unparagoned enough to desire the conviction of the Professor, however the decency of his place might forbid his expression. There is no standard for the measurement of penalties so well ascertained that a Court can be fairly held to have departed wilfully from the right when its sentence seems either above or below the mark to us, but Judge Hepburn has certainly laid down the law with rigor in this case. Eleven colored people are convicted of actively participating in the rescue of a woman—wife of one of the parties—and a child, from the hands of one who claimed them, and was conveying them into bondage without a shadow of proof that they were slaves, and without even the warrant of a judicial decree. It was proved in some way that Mr. Hollingsworth was the legal owner of the black man, but it was not proved before Judge Hepburn at the hearing on the writ of *habeas corpus* that these two females were slaves. And because the magistrate who had committed them all to jail, had, in the opinion of Judge Hepburn, transgressed his authority, he discharged them from the custody of the sheriff.

Now it deserves to be remarked, that none of the crowd of colored people, assembled at the Court-house, made any attempt to prevent the removal of the colored man, so proved to be the property of Mr. Hollingsworth. They suffered him to be carried away without any interference. But the woman and little girl,—the wife and child—about to be dragged away by force, without any form of law, and without any evidence of title,—these, appealing to those laws of nature which no human enactment can repeal, aroused the very best feelings of those poor people, and they accepted the issue which Mr. Kennedy tendered them,—they gave blow for blow, they resisted violence with violence, and now, standing before the Court, condemned for a breach of the public peace, they are treated as if they were felons, and receive a sentence severe enough for the punishment of an act in its own nature criminal and inexorable.

The laws of the country, as construed by a pro-slavery tribunal, gave Mr. Kennedy the right to recapture this wife and child by naked force. The law of nature gave these eleven colored people the right to rescue them. In doing this they violated the public peace. But is there nothing due to persons so circumstanced? Must nothing be conceded to feelings which are right, true, human, and even laudable, and absolutely irresistible in spite of law? Well, they are sentenced, and it may be, all the more severely that Professor McClintock was acquitted. Judge Hepburn has credit on the bank account which South keeps open with the North for so much zeal and devotion to their interests. A few of the feeble ones are crushed, a few more intimidated, and kidnappers and slave catchers so far encouraged. But men who never thought upon the points involved before, will look deeper than the surface,—deeper than legal decisions; and will settle the question in their hearts, deciding it by the rules which conscience and humanity dictate, and the result will be disgrace and defeat to the oppressors of their fellow men. What avails it to punish a dozen colored people with three years imprisonment, if a dozen thousand white men are aroused to feel that slavery has invaded our free state with its whips and chains, and compels them to give their honest sympathy to the sufferers? The common instincts of humanity will vindicate its rights, violated in the persons of the poorest, and Providence will cover the councils of oppression with confusion.—*Liberty Herald.*

Henry C. Wright.

Our readers will be rejoiced to learn that this excellent man and indefatigable champion of all good causes, arrived in the steamship of last week, after an absence of about five years. We had not the pleasure of seeing him, as he preceded immediately to Philadelphia, but we learn from those that had, that he is in excellent health, and seems unchanged, except for the better, by his long sojourn in foreign lands. This intelligence will be most welcome to his troops of friends, in all parts of the country. For no man in the country has more true friends, or has better deserved to have them, than Henry C. Wright.

His visit to Europe has been time well bestowed for the promotion of the various great movements for the amelioration of human condition to which he has devoted his life. The agitation which is shaking the Free Church of Scotland, arising from the hint of the blood-money, was largely due to his uncompromising and faithful testimonies and labors. The Anti-Slavery flame was perpetually fanned and fed by his words and works, and the hearts and hands of our many friends in Great Britain and Ireland encouraged and strengthened by his intelligent zeal and perfect mastery of the subject. The great doctrine of the Treatment of Enemies, demanded by the highest Morality and the truest Expediency, also received a wider attention and a deeper consideration than had ever before been given to it. The Cause of Temperance, too, largely due to his constant and consistent champion.

But the World is the Field of an expansive nature like that of Mr. Wright, and he will be welcomed back to this portion of it by all who desire to see it fruitful of good things. A sturdy husbandman, like him, can never find himself where work is not to be done. And, surely, there is no where that needs the till and husbandry of the most stalwart laborers more than this corner of the Vineyard. It was this view of things that made his many friends and admirers in the old World, though sad, to give him the God-speed when he turned his face towards his Native Land. He had done there great service, but they saw that there were others, in at least as good need with themselves, crying to him, 'Come over and help us!' His presence with us, after his abode with them, will make another link in the silver chain that binds the Abolitionists of the two hemispheres together, and makes them of one mind, and of one heart. His interesting and touching 'Farewell Letter,' written on the eve of his departure, will be found on the first page of this paper.

His excellent publication, 'Howitt's Journal,' a well-written 'Life of Mr. Wright,' by Mary Howitt, which will be read with strong interest by his friends in England and America. It is accompanied by a capital likeness, on wood, one of the best specimens of Xylographic art. This testimonial on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt to the virtues of a friend, the pleasure and usefulness of whose residence abroad they had done so much to promote, and whom they, themselves, found steadfast and true in the hour of their own trial and distress, was at once appropriate and graceful. It forms a memorial of his contributions to the character which will be prized, as it deserves, by the friends he has left behind him, and by those to whose companionship he has returned.—*q.—Liberator.*

TRIAL OF SLAVES.—The trial of two slaves, Henry and Nancy, the property of W. C. Dukes, Esq., charged with poisoning Mrs. and Miss Dukes, took place yesterday at the Court House, before the presiding Magistrates, Justices Cooper and Elliott, and twelve freeholders. Henry was convicted and sentenced to be hung in the jail yard on Friday next, 10th inst. Nancy was also found guilty, her sentence being three months solitary confinement, every alternate week on the tread mill, and twenty lashes on the last Friday of each month.

The trial was resumed this morning, and Jane, the other slave, charged with the same crime, was arraigned. Her trial was not concluded at the hour of going to press.—*Charleston News, 4th.*

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 24, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Anti-Savery Meetings.

JAMES W. WALKER and JOHN R. BOWLES will attend meetings at

West Brookfield, Stark co., on Sunday, the 26th, at 10 A. M.

Fulton, Stark co., on Monday, the 27th, at 10 A. M.

Congress Township, Wayne co., on Tuesday and Wednesday, 28th and 29th, at 2 P. M., on the first day, and 10 A. M. on the second.

Harrisville, (Lodi) Medina co., on Thursday and Friday, 30th Sept., and 1st October, at 2 P. M.

Sullivan, Ashland co., on Saturday and Sunday, 2nd and 3rd Oct., at 2 P. M. and 10 A. M.

S. S. FOSTER, L. O. HATCH, J. W. WALKER, and J. R. BOWLES, will attend the following Anti-Slavery Conventions:

Fitchville, Huron co., October 5th & 6th.

Savannah, Ashland co., " 7th & 8th.

Ashland, " " 9th & 10th.

All these meetings will commence at 10 A. M.

SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

"The Banner of Southern Equality."

Not only do abolitionists rejoice in the fact that papers advocating the emancipation of the human family are being established by southerners in the southern section of this country, but their hearts are made glad in the evident necessity which the slaveholders feel for a paper devoted wholly to their peculiar institution. They have been driven from pillar to post, and from post to pillar until they have been forced to make a yet more vigorous effort, and hang upon the outer wall, their "Banner of Southern Equality."

Slavery has the Church in its favor, the State pledged to its support, governmental patronage at its disposal, a venal, subsidized press at its command; and yet so desperate has its fortunes become, that a paper must be established purposely for its defense—so, as to say the slaveholders, and they are good judges of its need. Well, let them try it. They will find, that like all their other efforts, it will be powerless to stem the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment which is sweeping onward through the land.

What the principles of this new paper will be, is pretty clearly set forth in the Circular which is placed on our first page; its name we are left to guess at, but from the peculiar appropriateness of a phrase which occurs in the Circular, we suspect it will be called "The Banner of Southern Equality." Newspapers are very apt to adopt as their cognomen some thread-bare name that every one has heard of. "Heralds," "Advertisers," "Journals," and "Advocates" are as plenty as blackberries in July; but who ever before dreamed of "The Banner of Southern Equality?" The name is certainly a unique one, and should by all means be illustrated by a cut faithful to the life. They might, for instance, have in the fore-ground a whipping post with a refractory chattel tied to it, being flogged, an auction block near by where women were being sold to priestly bidders and their deacon competitors, and flesh-scales where children were sold by the pound; in the background might be given a view of a slaveholder's mansion, and at a little distance the miserable slave quarters of his plantation hands. Something of this kind would well illustrate the name of the paper, and without it, many would have no correct knowledge of what "Southern Equality" means. If "The Banner of Southern Equality" will but make the people comprehend the kind of equality which actually exists in the Southern States, it will be an invaluable auxiliary to the anti-slavery cause, and do what abolitionists have for years been striving to accomplish.

The establishment of the paper referred to, is doubtless considered a very important movement by the South, though the result will not, we apprehend, be what it anticipates. It is just now in the position of a certain personage—biped or quadruped it matters not—when he exclaimed

"I can and I can't, I will and I won't, I'll be lost if I do, I'll be lost if I don't."

It will be destructive to Southern interests—we mean the flesh and blood interest of the peculiar southerners—if such a paper is not established, and equally destructive, if not more so, if it is. Mighty as is the power of the press it is not mighty enough to sustain slavery.

Connection.—In our copy of the Secretary's minutes of the last Annual Meeting, an error was made in publishing the name of Laura Barnaby as one of the Executive Committee. It should have been Lydia Barnaby.

A Sword.

It is not unusual, especially in these days, when the War-God is so ardently worshipped, and killing women and children is accounted honorable, for distinguished persons to have swords presented them. Scarcely a week passes but we read of swords being manufactured for, or presented to some General, Colonel, or Captain; and they are, we believe, invariably given for the real or supposed dexterity of the recipient in throat-cutting. Although such testimonials have become very common among those who compose the military class, we presume we are the first and only anti-slavery editors ever presented with a sword; and, however incredulous some of our readers may be in relation to this matter, the sight of it, as it hangs in our parlor, would do something to convince the most skeptical that we speak the truth. It was presented—so said the giver—as a testimonial of his appreciation of our labors in the cause, not of butchery, not of murder by whatever name gilded, but the cause of human freedom, advanced, so far as our labors have advanced it, by peaceful, moral means.

The presentation, if not as imposing, was probably as interesting as that on a similar occasion, when General Cushing was the recipient, and to us far more so. The donor—CAPTAIN LYSANDER COWLES, of the Ashland County Guards—was dressed in his uniform, and the speeches, though brief, were to the point; for the sword is in our possession, and we assured the giver in return that we would strive to make it a weapon of might, that we should use it to bless and not curse the world, to save men's lives and not destroy them. We told him of our intention to make it a preacher of peace, to cover it over with Christian texts, such as "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that despitefully use you," "Bless them that curse you," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "Return good for evil," "Repay hatred with love," "Blessed are the peace makers."

We are not much versed in the natural history of swords, but if ours has a moral character, we presume it is evangelical, inasmuch as the donor—who, by the way, is the fiercest war man we ever talked with—is in good and regular standing in an evangelical church. It looks very evangelical as it hangs yonder in the corner, but not very christian; and we had some thoughts of trying to get a set of slave shackles to hang up beside it, that they might together represent the religion of this land. But fill some one sends us the shackles, which we fear will be a good while yet, we will make it do duty as at first proposed, though even we subject it to the risk of being denounced as an infidel instrument; for its adoption of peace motives, and its devotion to that cause will probably induce the retrogression of the land to proscribe it as such, and lament its apostasy from the true faith of butchery and blood.—We hope, however, they will not injure its temper or render its rebukes the less pointed. Its conversion to a peace instrument, we trust, is permanent, and that it will accomplish much good.

From Mexico.

The army news which came to hand last week, of the authenticity of which there was some doubt, has been confirmed—so say the papers—by government despatches. A victory has been gained—five thousand Mexicans have been butchered, while only one thousand Americans have met a similar fate. The country is in extremities. It lifts its bloody hands toward heaven, and impiously thanks God that the work of devils has been wrought by men claiming to be christians.

We have no heart to give the sickening details of the horrid butchery. The papers are filled with them, and their editors, with scarcely an exception, are exulting, demon-like, over the desolated homes and consoiled plains of ill-fated Mexico. Even the Cincinnati Herald, the Liberty party Cincinnati Herald, in the Telegraphic Despatches reported for that paper, triumphantly proclaims in staring capitals that "After two hours of bloody conflict, OUR GALLANT TROOPS SWEEP EVERY THING BEFORE THEM," and mainly at the point of the bayonet."

The American forces are said to have gained great glory, but the glory they won must have been, not the dazzling glory of Heaven, but the lurid glory of Hell. They fought like tigers, though for a less noble object than the tiger fights. They have beaten the Mexicans, but the City of Mexico is not yet taken, and thousands who hoped ere this to revel in the Halls of the Montezumas, have left their bodies to rot unburied, and have gone where those who die with the spirit of murder raging in their hearts.

Peace—a speedy peace is now anticipated by some, but the conquest of Mexico is not the conquest of peace; and though a formal treaty may be made, doubts may well be entertained as to the permanency of a peace thus won.

It will be seen by a call in another column, that S. S. Foster desires to convene the anti-slavery friends at Randolph for the purpose of discussing a question which he regards of much importance. The day chosen for the meeting is the same as that upon which a Peace Convention will assemble at that place. We suppose that when he learns this fact, he and the Peace friends will make such arrangements as will accommodate those who wish to attend both meetings.

Small Business.

A Liberty party Convention recently held in Xenia, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It has been represented to this Convention that at the time when the students of the Colored High School of Cincinnati, under the care of Mr. Gilmore, exhibited at Xenia, Mr. Walker and other abolitionists of the Garrison School attended, and Mr. Walker, in a public speech, used language, in the opinion of some, savoring of infidelity, thus giving offence to serious Christians. Therefore,

Resolved, That although as abolitionists we meddle not with creeds and confessions, we solemnly protest against any thing and every thing derogatory to the Christian religion, and have no sympathy with men or parties who treat with disrespect, such an inestimable blessing.

Resolved, That although we have no connection with what is called the Garrison party, yet we are free to give them credit for laboring with commendable zeal that the yoke may be broken and the oppressed go free, and express the hope that in future, they will give no just cause of offence to the Jew, the Gentile, nor the Church.

We suppose the "serious christians" who took offence at our friend Walker's exposure of the corruption of the church organizations of which they form a part, will feel under vast obligations to the Liberty party convention aforesaid, for the aid and comfort its members are disposed to bestow upon them, and will even perhaps vote the ticket nominated by the party.

As to the character of the resolutions, we pronounce them base slanders; not manly, openly asserted slanders, but sneakily insinuated ones. Will the men who voted for them dare say that at the meeting referred to, James W. Walker treated the Christian religion with disrespect? We demand proof of the charge they have insinuated. They are exceedingly desirous that no one may give offence to the church, but can themselves concoct falsehoods and palm them off under a pretended love for truth and the Christian religion. Out upon such despicable means to build up the fortunes of a sinking party! Why in the name of consistency do not these political grimalkins denounce the Unitarians inasmuch as they "give offence to serious Christians" of the Evangelical school? Why do they not condemn the Orthodox who "give offence to serious Christians" of the Unitarian faith? Simply because it would not be popular so to do; but it is popular to denounce Denominations.

"Try, Blanche, Sweetheart and all," are barking *infidel* on their track, and why should not Liberty party swell the chorus?

Sale at Ravenna.

We stated in a recent number of the Bugle that there would be a sale of Fair goods at Ravenna during the meeting there. It took place as announced, but the opportunity which the Convention afforded for disposing of the articles left on hand at New Lyme, was not so good as anticipated, although over \$100 was realized. This, with the proceeds of the Fair during Anniversary week, together with private sales, donations, &c., give a total of \$526. This does not, of course, include the amount received from H. W. Curtis for tavern custom, or the money taken at the Jefferson and New Lisbon tables, all of which would make about \$125.

We were surprised and pleased with the willingness of the people in the West to contribute so liberally to the support of the Fair; many towns did well, and no inconsiderable aid was also rendered by the friends in the East. We have before noticed the donations from Philadelphia and Boston, and take this opportunity of acknowledging a contribution from a friend in New York city, a donation in goods from another in Buffalo, and \$10 in money from the friends in Lynn—all acceptable gifts to the cause of humanity, and the more grateful as they give evidence of the donors interest in the progress of anti-slavery in the West.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Our readers will be surprised and saddened to learn that this devoted friend of humanity, instead of being able to fulfill his appointments in New York, is lying ill at Cleveland. He was taken the day after the last meeting appointed for him and Douglass in this State, and though he went on board the boat intending to go to Buffalo, he was too ill to proceed, and returned to the house of our friend Thos. Jones with whom he is now staying, and from whose family he receives the kindest attention. He was attacked with a fever, which though intermittent at first, his physician was fearful would assume the Typhoid form. We have not heard from him since Sunday, at which time he was not considered dangerously ill. We are looking anxiously for further intelligence, and confidently hope that his life may yet be long spared for future usefulness.

Henry C. Wright.

It will be seen by an article from the Liberator, that this devoted friend of human rights has returned to his family and home. During his five years sojourn in Europe he has been untiring in his labors for the redemption of man from the evil of his ways, and the opposition he met from the advocates of War, Intemperance and Slavery gave abundant evidence of his zeal and faithfulness. Right glad we should be, if, after a season of rest, he should feel called upon to extend his field of labor to the great West.

POETRY.

The Two Birds.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

A bright bird lived in a golden cage,
So gently tended by groom and page,
And a wild bird came her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live with thee;
For thou canst sing
And pruned thy wing,
While dainty fare,
Thy slaves prepare."
The wild bird came her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live like thee!"

Then from the cage came a plaintive voice,
Which bade the wild bird to rejoice,
"For I'd give my golden cage," said she,
"For thy humble perch on the wild wood tree."
For thou canst sing
On Freedom's wing—
These bars of gold
A slave enfold;
I'd give my golden cage," said she,
"For thy humble perch on the wild wood tree."

Then, when the bird of the wild wood knew
The bright one weary of bondage grew,
He set the plaintive captive free,
And away they flew singing "Liberty!"
In joy they roam
Their leafy home,
And tell the lay
The long long day—
The lay of love from hearts set free,
For love was blest with Liberty.

The Farmer's Song.

When the rosy light
Of the morning bright,
Awakes the God of day,
We rise from our bed,
And with cheerful tread
To labor he away.

The matin songs
Of the warbling throng
Our early footsteps hail,
While the crystal rills
From the cloud-capped hills
Repeat the welcome tale.

The blushing flowers,
In the woodland bowers,
Are bounding into birth,
As our feet are prest
To the dewy breast
Of the bright and joyous earth.

In the furrowed field
We never yield
To an idle wish to roam,
But with right good will
The soil we till
Till sunset calls us home.

With a steadfast trust
In the Good and Just
The springing seed we sow,
And not in vain,
For the ripened grain
His mercy doth bestow.

When our toil is done,
And the lucid sun
Is fading in the West,
We will gladly speed
O'er the fertile mead
To a home of love and rest.

Our hearts are free
As the bounding sea,
Which tyrants cannot bind,
And a big chain
Shall never stain
The farmer's fearless mind.

We conquer the Soil
With unceasing toil—
Make fertile the barren glen;
And hill and plain
Acknowledge the reign
Of Nature's Noblemen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Trial for my own Murder.

"Run for officers;
Let him be apprehended with all speed;
For fear he escapes away; lay hands on him;
We cannot be too sure—'tis wilful murder."

"The following 'matter of fact' was gathered from an old manuscript, as a detail truly interesting. After a short description on the subject of criminal justice, circumstantial evidence, and a few other remarks relative to his feelings and peculiar situation, the author proceeds to relate his strange adventure, which is as follows:

A wanderer by nature, as well as by necessity, I had for many years been absent from my own country, seeking to gratify my love of variety, both in situation and society, and to amuse by my own diligence, golden qualifications without which a man stands but a poor chance of being looked upon in the world. The first of these objects I accomplished to my heart's content; but as to the second I fell far short of my hopes, and returned very near as poor as I went; for, except a few hundred pounds, invested in merchandise, I set my foot on British ground with about fifty dollars, and a few English coins, and these for safer custody, I carried in my pocket.

Necessity had taught me economy, and therefore, instead of indulging myself with the accommodation of a stage coach, to make any way to the metropolis, I commenced my journey as a humble pedestrian. Having travelled in this way many miles, I stopped at a mean inn by the way side to refresh myself, and was soon seated among the motley group of the usual hangers-on at such places of resort. Finding that about two miles further on the road, I should arrive at a small market town, where accommodations for the night, of a much more convenient nature, could be procured, I resolved, after having sufficiently rested myself, to make my way thither to seek a place of repose.

On producing my purse to pay the demands of my host, I took out cautiously two or three of my dollars, and laid them on the table, surrounded by the bores of the village, who, attracted by the sight of coin so unfamiliar to their eyes; and to satisfy their curiosity, I showed them my store, and explained their history and relative value. During this proceeding, a greedy-eyed, ill-looking

fellow, seemed to fix his gaze on me and my purse, in a way not the most pleasing to me. Many men are fond of having their purses examined and admired by others; but I have lived long enough in the world to think that no eyes are so fitting to examine such an object as their possessor.

I soon took my departure, and proceeded leisurely onward to my place of destination. The evening began to close; and on arriving at a dull part of the road overhung by high banks, covered with furze and briars, I found myself, in an instant, stunned by a blow, administered by some one behind me, the effect of which soon disabled me from making any attempt to protect myself against further violence of my brutal assailant, and I sunk senseless.

When I recovered my consciousness, I discovered I was bleeding copiously from my nose, and lying in a wet ditch, half drowned apparently in my own blood, which made a great show mingled with the water. A countryman was leaning over me humbly endeavoring to assist me. I felt in nearly a lifeless condition, although no actual fracture had succeeded the blow, and while my good Samaritan was deliberating what to do, I lay motionless, and to his apprehension, certainly dead; for I heard him say he would go and find a doctor, but he could do no good for all was over with me. For this humane purpose he left me just as he found me.

It was then nearly dark, and I resolved to rouse myself, and endeavor to pursue my walk for a short distance that remained. With considerable effort I roused myself from my muddy resting place, and found my clothes which were none of the best, wet through and through, and being scarcely worth the carriage, I thought it was best to leave them behind me, and soon equipped myself in another suit which I carried in my knapsack. I washed myself as well as I could, and put the best face on the matter. I recollected the ill-looking fellow who had cast his amorous glance on my dollars, and singled him out as the perpetrator of the crime; but I was rejoiced to find that his obvious intentions were defeated, and I carried away my purse of dollars in triumph, congratulating myself heartily on my narrow escape.

I pursued my walk to the market town, and soon arrived at the inn. I had scarcely taken my seat, still suffering from the blow I had received, before I overheard an indistinct conversation amongst several men, stationed at the other end of the room, accompanied by expressive looks directed to me. Knowing myself to be a perfect stranger in the place, this did not excite my surprise. The conversation soon became louder and more distinct, and at length I heard a strangely exaggerated story of my own murder. It was confidently asserted that a stranger had been robbed and murdered a short distance from the town, and that he had been found by a laborer in the ditch, with his skull fractured, his brains scattered about the road, and his pockets turned inside out. I listened to this marvellous history with great amusement, thinking how easily a strange story is made to pass current, grounded on the slightest fact.

Having taken some refreshment, I ordered my bed, and being an entire stranger, I chose to pay for both before I retired for the night, and produced my purse containing the dollars and other money. At this juncture an inquisitive-looking old man came up to me and looked at my dollars, and then fixing his eyes on my face, turned round to his companions, and with significant gestures, whispered "there's blood on this man's face—he has got some dollars—where did he come from—who is he?" This excited a general sensation. A pause ensued, and all seemed "at fault," as the sportsmen say. The inquisitive old man again approached me, and asked in a significant manner, whether he did not just see some dollars in my possession. I replied in the affirmative, and produced one or two. He turned bluntly round to his companions, and cunningly put his finger up to his nose. He then renewed his attack, and asked me where I had procured them; whether there was many to be met with in this country; and a variety of other questions, all of which I answered carelessly—not pleased with the old man's impudence.

He then, for the first time, observed aloud to me, with a look of scrutiny, that I had some blood on my face. To this observation I replied as coolly as I did to his questions, not choosing to gratify curiosity, and wishing to hear more of my own murder.

At this moment an addition was made to the company, by the arrival of the person who had been my good Samaritan, who found and left me in the ditch. He was full of his subject, and came to relate the "full, true, and particular" account to his pot companions. He stated at length where and how he found a strange man in sailor's clothes, with his skull fractured, and his pockets turned inside out, and that he left him quite dead. He stated that he went for assistance to the village from whence I came, and on inquiring at the public house to learn whether I had been there, he described my person and dress, and discovered that I had rested and taken refreshment there, and moreover, that I had a great many dollars and English gold coin in my possession. Having obtained assistance, he returned to the spot where he had left the murdered stranger; but, instead of finding him, he discovered that during his absence, the body had been stripped and removed, and as he believed, buried, and the clothes were lying scattered about on the brink of the ditch.

All this was highly amusing to me, and I resolved to let the story roll on, like a snowball, increasing with every step, without offering any explanation, until it should have arrived at its climax.

Again I observed inquisitive looks cast on me, and the words "dollars" and "blood" were again whispered about. The old inquisitive man quietly left the room, and returned with an athletic, busy-looking man, who soon discovered himself to me as the constable of the parish; and, without further ceremony, the old man gave me in charge to a constable, as being suspected of the murder. The constable proceeded to search me, and on producing my purse with dollars, the man who found the murdered stranger set up a shout, and charged the constable not to let me escape, and then fixing his eyes on the blood on my face, said he was sure I was the murderer and the robber, and he would tell all he knew upon his bible oath. I now found it was high time to speak in my defence, lest the joke, which I had relished so much, should be carried too far; but I learned to my sorrow, that the joke had quite ceased, and that an assertion or explanation of mine could serve me no jot proving my personal identity.

The consequences of all this therefore, was

a safe lodgment for the night in the cage, in full sight of the whip-post, and the county jail. Imagine my situation, ye who have been accustomed all your lives to be called honest men and women, and who have never known anything of the inside of a jail, or other place of durance, except through Mrs. Fry and Caleb Williams.

In this horrible condition I passed the night, deprived of my purse of dollars and other money, and with no other prospect before me than being treated as a criminal; yet I sometimes ventured to hope that I should be enabled to explain the true state of the case, and exculpate myself before a reasonable and intelligent magistrate.

The morning dawned upon me through the grates of the cage, and my solitude was broken by the arrival of the constable, the inquisitive looking old man and my Samaritan friend. I was led out amidst an informed crowd, who were by no means sparing in their execrations, and was conducted after much perit, into the presence of the justice.

As my supposed crime was of a glaring and prominent nature, it was allowed to commence the business of the day. My accuser was placed before me, and in a blunt, straightforward manner, told his story—how he found the stranger with a fractured skull, lying dead, and his companions were ordered to make diligent search for the body. Shortly after my commitment, as if all circumstances conspired against me, the people after an active search, succeeded in discovering the body of a strange person, almost in nudity, in a canal, which ran along the back of the town, upon which the corner set in due form; and thus, to the satisfaction of my persecutors, a chain of evidence was made out sufficiently strong to put me on my trial.

Let these good people who preach so strongly in favor of the comfortable feelings arising from conscious innocence, and build so much on inward fortitude, and who join in the declaration of the poet, that "whatever is, is right"—let them place themselves for a moment in my situation—let them feel the horrors of a man, charged with his own murder, and unable to convince his judges that he is actually in existence. How obtuse are the intellects of many worthy people, who, in the eager pursuit of truth, hug to their hearts any article which may chance to assume the garb of that rarely discovered personage.

Already I fancied, in my gloomy reflections, that I heard the jury declare me to be guilty, and in my dreams I saw the judge put on the fatal black cap, and begin to pass on me the awful sentence of the law. Then I fancied I heard my last dying speech and confession chaunted about the streets to be sold for a half penny, and posted on cottage walls, and children taught reading and the necessity of virtue from the same paper. Then the horrors of an ignominious death—the halter, the gallows, the populace, the murmurs of indignation, shouts of "monster, murderer," &c., all echoing around me in my imagination. These were truly enough to drive me from my senses, and to render me incapable of supporting myself to the hour of trial.

From my childhood I had always accustomed myself to look on the gloomy side of things, and in this, my hour of distress, my brooding disposition was busier than ever. I sometimes began to question whether this was not part of my punishment for the sins committed in my life-time.

At length the assizes commenced, and in due course I was placed before the Court to take my trial. Never shall I forget that moment. I was roused by it. My own conviction of my personal identity was complete, but would it avail me any thing? The story on which I had to depend was nothing in the face of the evidence to be adduced. Was such an improbable story to be believed? Should I be allowed to sit up myself as the murdered man, when the witness saw him lying dead, and the body was found in the canal? It was contrary to common sense, and would, of course, be looked upon as the desperate attempt of a hardened villain to baffie the ends of justice. I had no friend to speak of my character or condition—I was alone—friendless, and the public clamor loud against me. My own dollars were more eloquent than the prosecuting counsel.

My trial proceeded. Oh! how the speech went to my heart! The audience shuddered as they heard the glaring facts; and oh! what looks of horror and reproach were cast at me; and gushing down the plausible story. The witnesses gave their evidence with clearness and precision. The landlord of the little public house, where I first stopped, was called to prove having seen dollars in the possession of the murdered man when at his house. During all the previous proceedings, this man had never before looked at me face to face; but when he was confronted with me he gave an involuntary start, and seemed unable to utter a syllable. He fixed his eyes intently on me, and pointed to his cheek, and stammered out, "He is not guilty! he is not guilty!" Hearing this exclamation, and seeing him point to his cheek, I remembered I had a large scar on my own; from a sabre wound I received years before; and when the witness had regained his composure, he proceeded to identify me as the man who came to his house in a sailor's dress, with a purse of dollars, on the evening of the supposed murder, and asserted that I could be none other than the supposed victim of brutal violence. But the body found in the canal—had it a scar like mine on the cheek? No—the witness who had found it, remembered it had not. Hove dawned on me warmly enough. I was called on for my defence, and told my tale simply and composedly, and my heart beat calmly.

The judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and directed as usual, that if there was any doubt the prisoner should be entitled to it. The jury obeyed the direction of the judge, and their verdict of "Not Guilty." These affords me the melancholy satisfaction of relating sufferings not to be found amongst the destinies of any other man in the world.

Some ill-natured people, notwithstanding the verdict, still believed me to be guilty, but the majority called me innocent; and while the newspapers were zealously arguing pro and con upon the question, I slipped myself off to America, where I am now living in tolerable ease, and go one has ever since ventured to dispute the point with me, whether I am alive or dead.

Interesting Incident.

A correspondent of the True Democrat relates the following:

To-day I have been put in remembrance of a little scene I witnessed some six weeks since upon a steam boat between Cleveland and Buffalo. There were many emigrants on board coming west; among the rest I noticed a woman about thirty years of age, and a little boy about six. These drew my attention from their taking bed upon the deck of the boat, from all others, upon which they lay. The woman looked pale and feeble, and did not sit up during the day. Her eyes were closed most of the time, and when opened she gazed anxiously upon her little boy, who sat constantly at her head, holding one hand in his, and with the other brushing away the flies, as they lit upon his mother's hand and face. The boy, too, was poor and pale. They had both been sick with the ship fever, the boy first, and then the mother. As soon as sufficiently recovered, they had started anew upon their journey.

Both looked intelligent and interesting. But they were poorly clad, what they had on being worn and torn. It had once been valuable and indicated that they had been in comfortable circumstances.

I saw them many times during the day, and thought I had never witnessed such devotion as that child paid to his sick mother. I could not but think it was a scene on which a painter might gaze with interest. As evening approached, I supposed they would move their bed to the steerage cabin. But they made no change. I suppose they could not breathe the confined air of that place.

About twelve o'clock that night, I awoke from my slumber. The wind whistled around, and the boat was tossed upon the dashing waves. The air was damp and chilly. I thought me of the emigrant mother and her little boy, and I arose from the stateroom in which I slept, and went out upon the deck to see their condition. The mother was asleep. The little boy, still watching, had fallen into a slumber, and laid his hand upon her pale cheek. He had covered her with a small thin blanket, their only covering, but had nothing but his clothes upon himself. I approached them carefully, and laying him down by her side, spread over them my cloak, which was sufficient to make them comfortable.

It was late in the morning before they awoke. When they saw the cloak, they looked around with anxiety to see who it was that had shown them kindness. Standing at a little distance, I saw that the night air had made its impression upon her frail body, and as soon as I could obtain them, I carried her a glass of wine and suitable refreshments. They partook of it freely, and I learned it was the first food she had eaten since leaving Buffalo. When I asked them the reason, she turned her face aside, and the big tears chasing each other down her cheeks, forbade any further inquiry.

Before leaving the boat I gave her what little money I had left. I felt, circumscribed as I was, that it was hardly mine to give away; but then I remembered that I owed a debt to humanity, imposed by nature itself, superior in obligation to all other claims, and that it was my duty to discharge it. She made no reply, further than to ask my name and residence; then looking up to heaven, she said, "I was an orphan and a widow, and I am now a stranger and a beggar; but you took me in; surely you will have your reward."

I thought no more of this circumstance, until riding out to-day, I was met by a generally dressed, gentlemanly, and intelligent Irishman, about thirty-five years of age, who addressed me by name, and as he informed me, he was the husband of that emigrant mother, and the father of that devoted boy, and pressed into my hands the money I had given him, the fast rolling tears bespoke his gratitude. I learned from him that he was the youngest son of one of the nobility of Ireland. That when a youth he had formed an attachment for his wife, a beautiful girl, one of the common people. He was bidding to break of this attachment, or leave his father's house. He was one of our romantic minds, who feel that man can love but once, and he thought that "better was a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." He too was one of our independent minds, who felt that in the choice of a companion for life, he should be his own master. He therefore forsook his father's roof, married the girl of his choice, and for several years they had struggled in their own land to obtain respectability and a home. At length they had become discouraged, and determined to emigrate to America. He had arrived in this country last fall, and intended to return for his family next fall. But the famine was so severe, and the expense of living so great, that he feared starvation awaited his family. He therefore collected what money he had earned which was thought to be sufficient, and sent for her to emigrate with some friends. She would have come in comfort, but her friends had sickened and died, and she and her boy had barely escaped the grave. But they had safely arrived. Their health had been restored. He was well situated in business, and they now looked forward to years of bliss and prosperity.

We parted—he, overflowing with gratitude, and myself made happier to think I had been, in some little degree, the means of conferring happiness upon others.

MILWAUKEE OVER CITIES.—The Register General of London, seems to think that over all densely populated cities, there hangs an atmosphere totally different from that of the country. To the human animal its effects are only incidentally perceptible, because its deleterious influences act but slowly on his health; but on smaller animals it sometimes works like a subtle poison. Thus, a bird brought in from the country rarely survives more than six or nine months, unless sent back for a space for purer air. Of the existence of this miasmatic atmosphere over London, the English Register General speaks in the following terms in a late Report:

"There is in fact a poison floating in the air (of London) which causes death. It is not a gas, but a sort of atmosphere of floating particles, undergoing incessant transformations, probably indolent and invisible. This diseased mist, arising from the breath of two millions of people, from open sewers and cesspools, graves and slaughter-houses, is continually kept up and undergoing changes; in one season it is pervaded by cholera, in another by influenza; at one time it bears small-pox, measles, scarlatina and whooping-cough among young children; at another it carries fever on its wings. Like an angel of

death it has hovered for centuries over London. But it may be driven away by legislation.

Hereafter.

There are two Hereafters—one lying within our reach; the other beyond it. One is God's Hereafter—the other, man's. From God's Hereafter, we are separated by the grave—by death—and by all the mysteries of another and a spiritual world: from our own Hereafter, we are not separated at all. We belong to it—we have grown to it—and whatever mystery there may be, is that of a transparent curtain at most, shimmering with our reach, and always ready to obey our will, if that will be earnest; varying from a hand's breadth in thickness, through which no man may see, to that of kindling air, when the bright sun is up, according to our wishes and the steadfastness of our faith.

Of the eight hundred millions who inhabit the earth, how many are there who ever think of this, their first Hereafter? Hardly one, perhaps, in a hundred thousand, or a million. The great multitude go toiling on forever and ever, without a care, without a wish beyond the now, save where they wander for a brief moment or two over the boundaries of that other Future—God's Hereafter. Here and there one may build a house, or a temple, or plant a tree, or a state, or buy a grave-stone, or bequeath his goods to the People, that he may be remembered forever; and the countless thousands who have already forgotten, or found a clarity, that his name may be had in "everlasting remembrance" among church-wardens, trustees and overseers of the poor.

But how few are these—even these—to the countless millions that have waked up—and turned over—and gone to sleep again with their Fathers: bestirring themselves for a while above the earth, only that they might sleep the sounder within it; to the countless millions that have died after a long and wearisome life—tiring and sweating, and bearing and suffering, and trying to persuade themselves they were awake, through all their appointed years, without one thought of the only Hereafter that lies within the grasp of their understandings. Of the spiritual Future they have talked much, and always the more, the less they knew about it. Of that other world, before whose everlasting gates, a shape like the shadow of the Universe, which men call Death, abides forever—of that, the few that think beyond the hour, have sometimes thought. But to what purpose? Bewildering and vast contemplation of God's Hereafter—of what avail is it to the health of the soul, or the welfare of the body, apart from its bearing upon a man's Hereafter? Ask the men that have lashed themselves to death—or starved and rotted by tens of thousands—here cast into the fire—and there butchered upon the same altar—at one time crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, and at another, doomed to utter worthlessness, within a temple of a different shape, and not on wheels—ask them how much it profits creatures built in the likeness of God himself, to forget their relationship to Man or their duty to themselves, and to their august lineage.

Between those who care about no Hereafter, and those who labor unprofitably all, to themselves and to others, in preparing for a spiritual Hereafter, as if they had nothing to do with any other—a few may be found—a very few, faithful and fearless, who trusting to the goodness of their Heavenly Father, take it for granted that He will take care of them, so long, at least, as they follow the solemn instincts of that nature wherewith he has endowed them; and who, believing that whatever may be the future of the laborer only after spiritual good, nothing can be known of them till the great day of final account, (so that all the advantages of encouragement and example are lost upon their fellows,) are ever laboring where their influence and example may be felt; that is among living men; sure that if they grapple with the enemy there, their purpose cannot be mistaken; and that he cannot be wrong, who lays himself alongside of any great overbearing error, and battles with it to the last.

These are they, who are laboring for the first Future—man's Hereafter? Can they be much in the wrong? Lies not the broad highway to the second Future—God's Hereafter—through this? Believing, as they do, that the only imperishable monuments for mortal man, are the seeds of thought, dropped alive into warm and faithful hearts; and that to just opinions and exalted virtues belong the only self-perpetuating power that is allowed to flourish under Heaven, can it be wondered at, as if they appear to shut their eyes to spiritual things, and to labor (in the judgment of the spiritual and self-righteous) for that which profits not? Are not the ambitious, and the greedy of praise, and the covetous of wealth, all alike wandering from the true path—unjust to the holy instincts of their nature, and given up to that which keeps them panting all their lives long, in harness, and hurries them out of the world at last, in chase of a phantom?—and all alike believe that they are not they, who live neither for themselves nor for the world within their reach, whether they be anchorites or idolaters, monks or nuns, of the priesthood, or of the people—are they not grievously in the wrong and greatly to be pitied?

Is it unworthy of Man—the spiritual man—to seek to be remembered? If not why reproach him, when he labors to that end? There is only one way. To be remembered, he must be useful; and useful not to the Spirituality of another world—to the cherubim and seraphim—not to God's archangels—but to his fellow man! But how to his fellow man? By holding himself aloof; by stealing away from the world; by denying himself all companionship with the perishing millions of earth; or by talking with them, face to face, in the highways—by sitting with them on the hill-side—by eating and drinking with publicans and sinners?—And by drinking with them? Thus did the Master, whom we all acknowledge, or pretend to acknowledge; and therefore it is that we find the riches he scattered so abundantly, as he went about dropping gold, not into the laps, but into the hearts of men—endowed from the first with a self-multiplying power, which has well filled the earth with thanksgiving, and made that which in his day was only man's Hereafter—a forerunner of the second Future—God's Hereafter. Why should we not profit by his example, and deal with the Living, and not with the Dead? With mankind as our brethren, instead of dealing with them as heartless abstractions—mere Spiritualities, who have nothing to do with companionship here?—and not much with companionship hereafter?—John Neal.

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New Garden: David L. Galbreath, and T. E. Vickers.
Columbiana: Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs: Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin: Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleboro: Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield: John Wetmore.
Lowville: John Bissell.
Youngstown: J. S. Johnson, and Wm. J. Bright.

New Lyme: Marsena Miller.
East Fairfield: John Marsh.
Selma: Thomas Swayne.
Springboro: Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg: V. Nicholson.
Oakland: Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls: S. Dickenson.
Petersburg: Ruth Tomlinson.
Columbus: W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown: Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg: Alex. Glenn.
Farmington: Willard Curtis.
Elyria: L. J. Burrell.
Oberlin: Lucy Stone.
Ohio City: R. B. Dennis.
Newton Falls: Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna: Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas: Wilkesville.
Southington: Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union: Joseph Barnaby.
Hillsboro: Wm. Lyle Keys.
Mills: Wm. Cope.
Hickley: C. D. Brown.
Richfield: Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Peor.
Lodi: Dr. Sill.
Chester: Roads: H. W. Curtis.
Painesville: F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills: Isaac Russell.
Granger: L. Hill.
Bath: G. McCloud.
Hartford: G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville: A. Joiner.
Anderson: A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.

INDIANA.

Marion: John T. Morris.
Economy: Ira C. Maulsby.
Liberty: Edwin Gardner.
Winchester: Clarkson Puckett.
Knightsown: Dr. H. L. Terrill.
Richmond: Joseph Aldeman.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Fallston: Milo A. Townsend.
Pittsburgh: H. Vashon.